PLANET
No.46
JAN.
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AURO, LORD OF JUPITER in
"The Mecho-Men FROM Mars"
ALSO
MYSTA OF THE MOON
LOST WORLD - FUTURA
— AND MANY OTHERS —

A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

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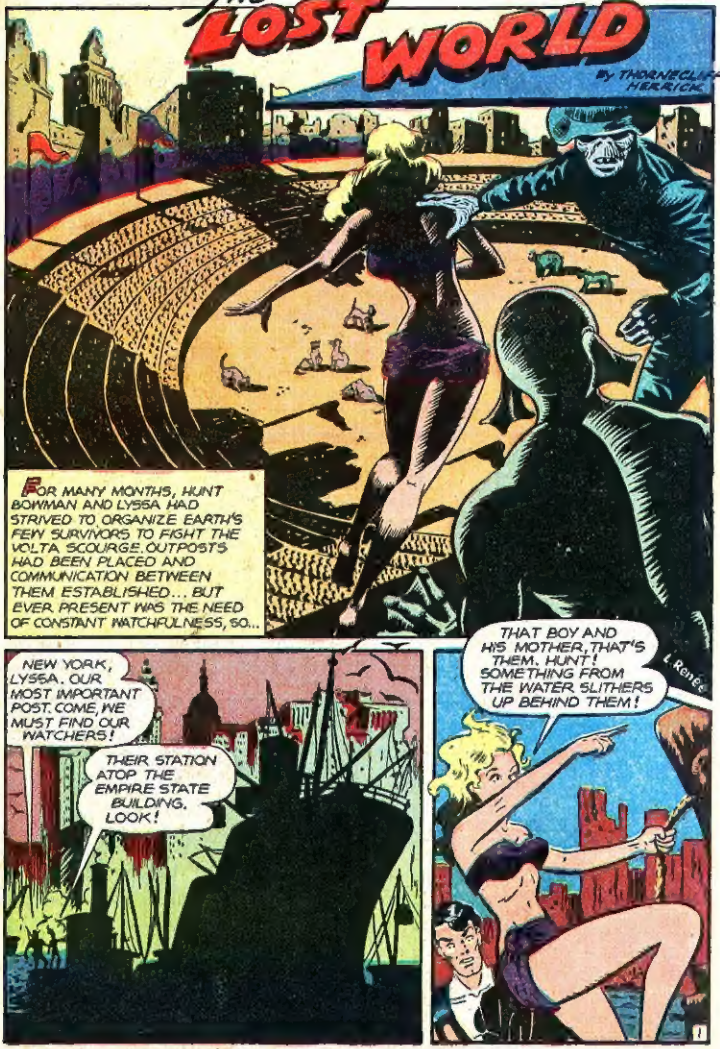
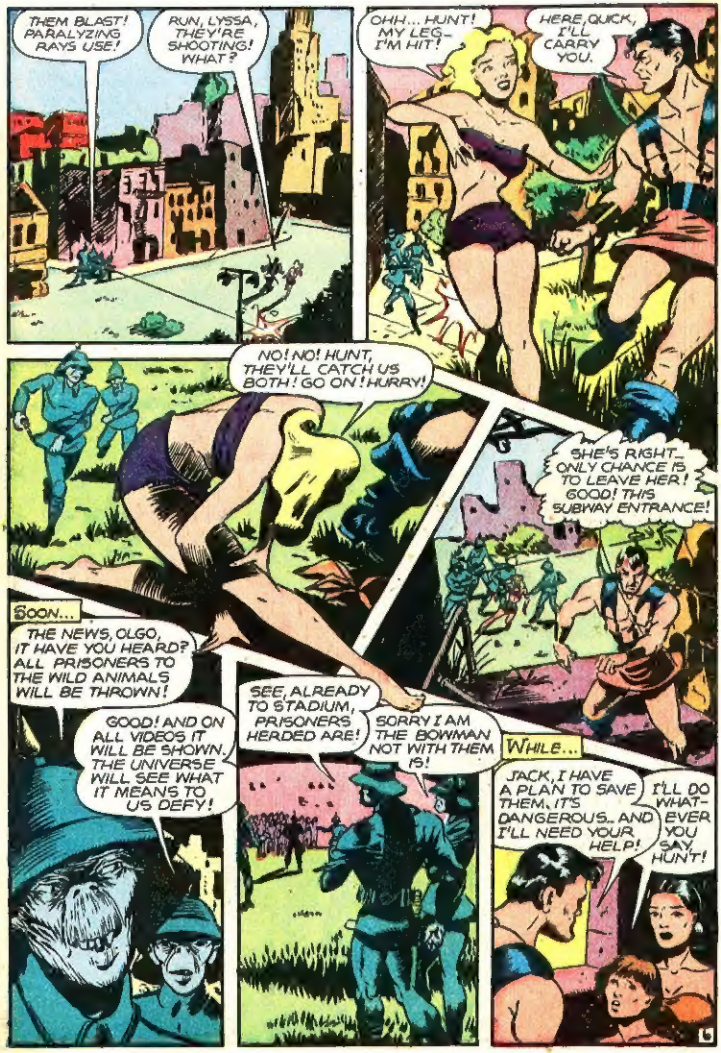

The LOST WORLD
By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK
FOR MANY MONTHS, HUNT BOWMAN AND LYSSA HAD STRIVED TO ORGANIZE EARTH'S FEW SURVIVORS TO FIGHT THE VOLTA SCOURGE. OUTPOSTS HAD BEEN PLACED AND COMMUNICATION BETWEEN THEM ESTABLISHED... BUT EVER PRESENT WAS THE NEED OF CONSTANT WATCHFULNESS, SO...
NEW YORK, LYSSA. OUR MOST IMPORTANT POST. COME, WE MUST FIND OUR WATCHERS!
THEIR STATION ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. LOOK!
THAT BOY AND HIS MOTHER, THAT'S THEM, HUNT! SOMETHING FROM THE WATER SLITHERS UP BEHIND THEM!
L. Renée
1

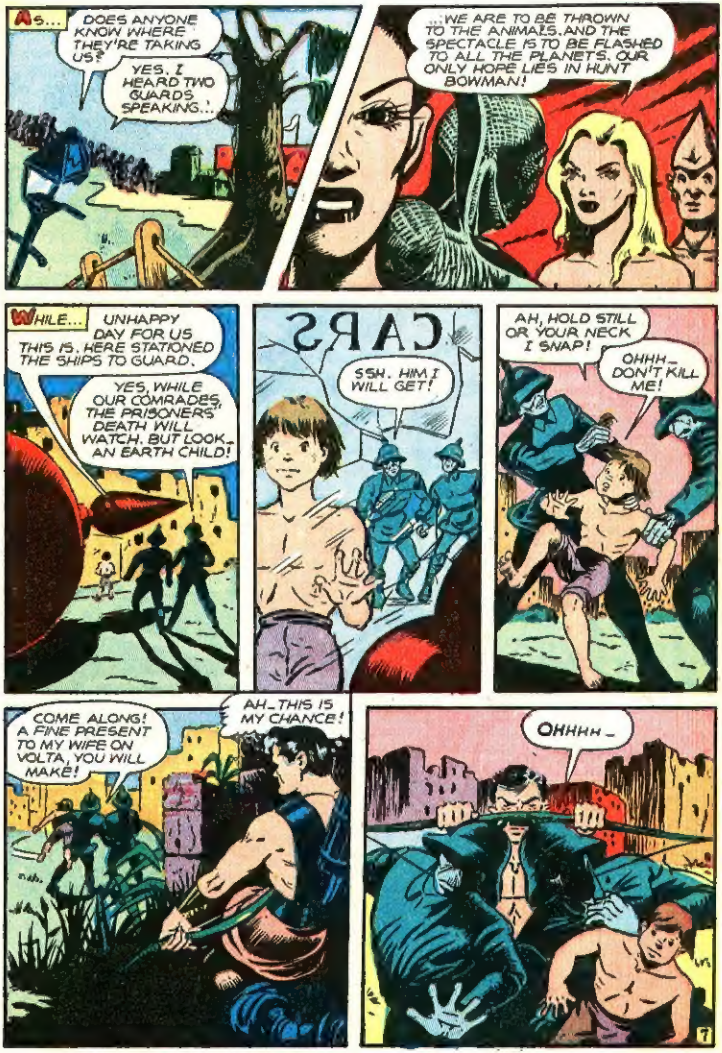
As...
WE MUST HURRY, JACK, AND GET BACK TO THE LOOKOUT TOWER.
WHAT'S THAT?
AN OCTOPUS! IT'S GOT ME!
NO, JACK! STAY BACK, STAY BACK!
MY BOW! GOT TO HIT THE THING'S EYE. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
INSTANTLY...
YOU'RE LOOKOUT NUMBER 47, JANET PARKER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, WE CAME FOR SUPPLIES... MUST HURRY BACK TO OUR STATION.
WHY? HAVE YOU SIGHTED ANY VOLTA SHIPS?
YES, ONE CAME THIS MORNING, TOOK A HURRIED SURVEY, THEN LEFT. COME!
2

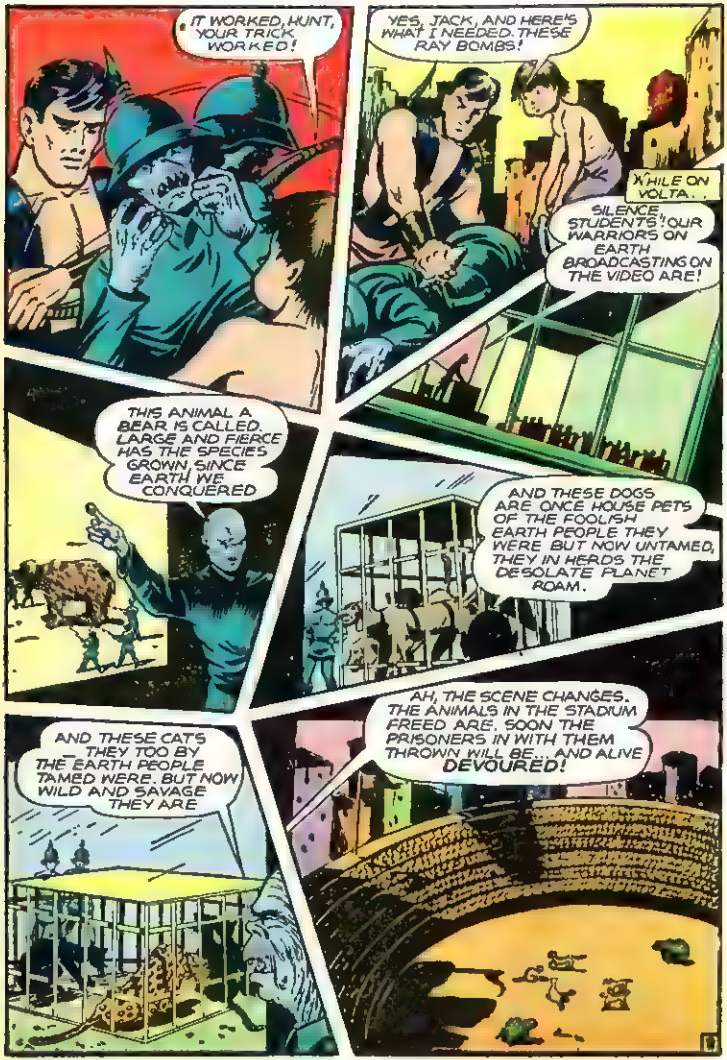
THAT'S OUR POST - THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! WE'RE IN THE TOWER, 102 STORIES UP!
EMPIRE STATE
TELL ME, WHAT WERE THOSE VOLTA MEN DOING?
I DON'T KNOW, HUNT, BUT I FEAR THEY WENT TO BRING OTHERS. WE MUST HURRY!
LATER...
WHEW, WHAT A CLIMB! I'M ALL IN!
I'LL TURN ON THE VIDEO.
WE HAVE 112 POSTS LIKE YOURS, JANET. AND ALL ARE ON THE ALERT TO REPORT ALL VOLTA ACTIVITIES. JACK'S CALLING!
LOOK! LOOK AT THE VIDEO! VOLTA SHIPS COMIN'!
HUNDREDS OF THEM. THEY MUST BE ON SOME SPECIAL MISSION! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
AS... REGENT SARGO ORDERS GIVE! STAND BY ON ZONE FIVE TO LAND. ALL PRISONERS CAREFULLY GUARD!
THEIR NUMBERS CHECK! HERE WE WILL A PENAL COLONY FOR THEM ESTABLISH. TO LAND, STAND BY!

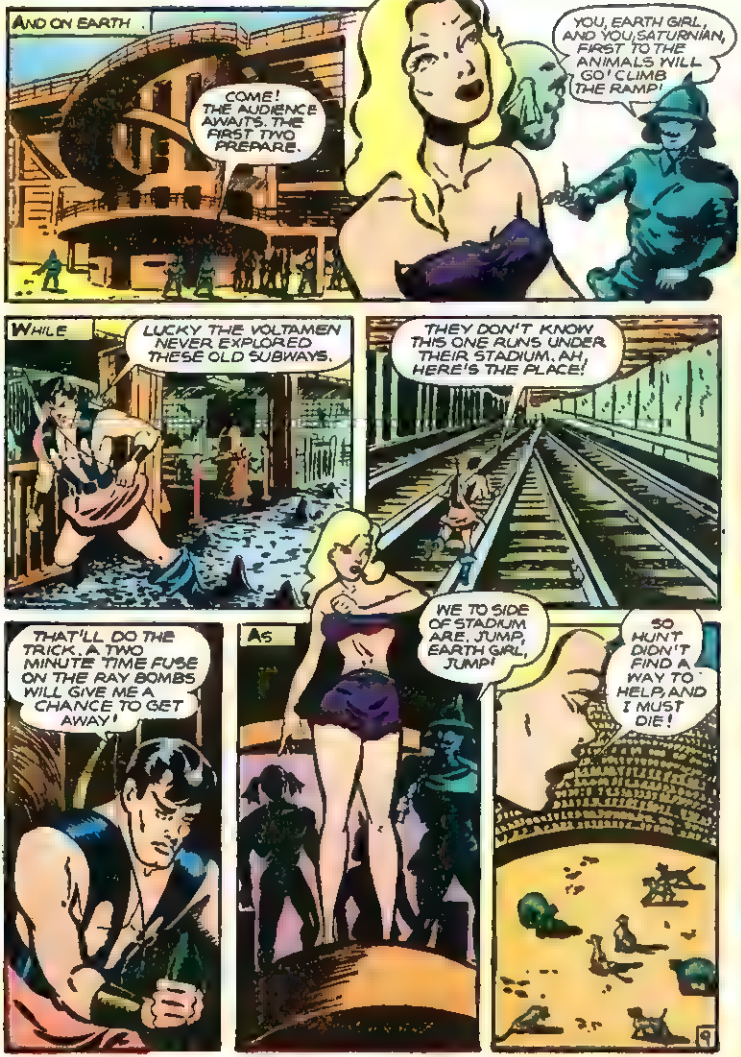
SOON...
SO THIS IS EARTH, AND WE ARE SENTENCED HERE FOR LIFE. I'LL NEVER SEE VENUS AGAIN.
NOR I MARS. IT WAS A SORRY DAY WHEN THE VOLTA MEN CONQUERED THE UNIVERSE.
I HAVE HEARD A REPORT SOME FEW EARTHMEN STILL FIGHT ON AGAINST THEM.
YES, BUT WHAT CAN A HANDFUL DO AGAINST SUCH A HORDE?
HOLD! THIS SATURNITE NO NUMBER HAS!
I WILL ON HIM IT NOW BURN!
WHILE...
LYSSA AND I WILL GO DOWN AND TRY TO HELP THOSE PRISONERS! STAY HERE AT YOUR POST!
WE WILL DO AS YOU SAY, HUNT!
OHHH!
BRAND ME? NO, NEVER!

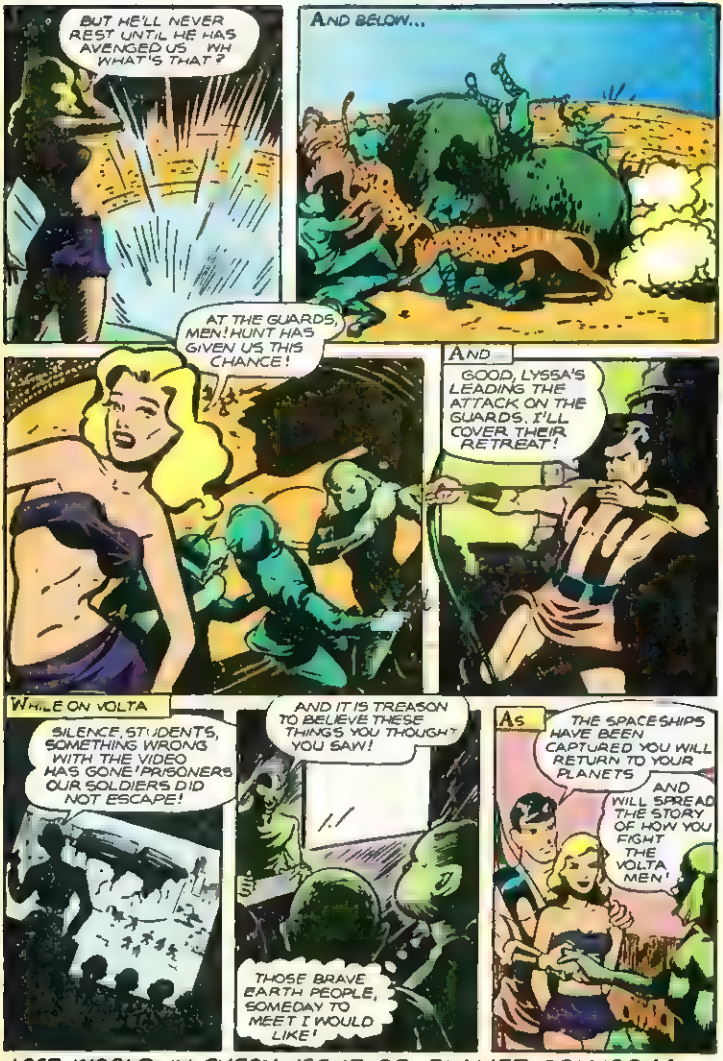
SOON...
VIDEO STATIONS ON VOLTA CONTACT. I WANT ALL TO SEE HOW WE DEFIANCE MEET!
INSTANTLY, ON VOLTA...
ATTENTION, STUDENTS. REGENT SARGO OF THE PENAL COLONY ON EARTH WILL NOW SPEAK!
AS...
HUNT, THEY'RE GOING TO KILL THOSE MEN!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. THERE'S THEIR LEADER— WATCH!
USE RAY GUNS. AIM! OHHH—
A JUPITERIAN ONE OF OUR VOLTA MEN DID STRIKE. SO TWENTY OF THE PRISONERS MUST DIE. WATCH!
BUT IN THE CLASSROOM...
WHAT WE SAW HAPPEN DID NOT! SUCH THINGS JUST CANNOT HAPPEN! ENTIRELY YOU MUST IT FORGET!
I WISH AS GOOD AS THAT EARTHMAN I COULD SHOOT!
EARTH PEOPLE! GO— THEM CAPTURE!


THEM BLAST! PARALYZING RAYS USE!
RUN, LYSSA, THEY'RE SHOOTING! WHAT?
OHH... HUNT! MY LEG- I'M HIT!
HERE, QUICK, I'LL CARRY YOU.
NO! NO! HUNT, THEY'LL CATCH US BOTH! GO ON! HURRY!
SHE'S RIGHT... ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAVE HER! GOOD! THIS SUBWAY ENTRANCE!
SOON...
THE NEWS, OLGO, IT HAVE YOU HEARD? ALL PRISONERS TO THE WILD ANIMALS WILL BE THROWN!
GOOD! AND ON ALL VIDEOS IT WILL BE SHOWN. THE UNIVERSE WILL SEE WHAT IT MEANS TO US DEFY!
SEE, ALREADY TO STADIUM, PRISONERS HERDED ARE!
SORRY I AM THE BOWMAN NOT WITH THEM IS!
WHILE...
JACK, I HAVE A PLAN TO SAVE THEM. IT'S DANGEROUS.. AND I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!
I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, HUNT!


As...
DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE THEY'RE TAKING US?
YES. I HEARD TWO GUARDS SPEAKING...
...WE ARE TO BE THROWN TO THE ANIMALS. AND THE SPECTACLE IS TO BE FLASHED TO ALL THE PLANETS. OUR ONLY HOPE LIES IN HUNT BOWMAN!
While...
UNHAPPY DAY FOR US THIS IS. HERE STATIONED THE SHIPS TO GUARD.
YES, WHILE OUR COMRADES, THE PRISONERS DEATH WILL WATCH. BUT LOOK- AN EARTH CHILD!
SSH. HIM I WILL GET!
AH, HOLD STILL OR YOUR NECK I SNAP!
OHHH- DON'T KILL ME!
COME ALONG! A FINE PRESENT TO MY WIFE ON VOLTA, YOU WILL MAKE!
AH- THIS IS MY CHANCE!
OHHHH-
7


IT WORKED, HUNT, YOUR TRICK WORKED!
YES, JACK, AND HERE'S WHAT I NEEDED. THESE RAY BOMBS!
WHILE ON VOLTA..
SILENCE, STUDENTS! OUR WARRIORS ON EARTH BROADCASTING ON THE VIDEO ARE!
THIS ANIMAL A BEAR IS CALLED. LARGE AND FIERCE HAS THE SPECIES GROWN, SINCE EARTH WE CONQUERED
AND THESE DOGS ARE ONCE HOUSE PETS OF THE FOOLISH EARTH PEOPLE THEY WERE BUT NOW UNTAMED, THEY IN HERDS THE DESOLATE PLANET ROAM.
AND THESE CATS THEY TOO BY THE EARTH PEOPLE TAMED WERE. BUT NOW WILD AND SAVAGE THEY ARE
AH, THE SCENE CHANGES. THE ANIMALS IN THE STADIUM FREED ARE. SOON THE PRISONERS IN WITH THEM THROWN WILL BE... AND ALIVE DEVOURED!


AND ON EARTH
COME! THE AUDIENCE AWAITS. THE FIRST TWO PREPARE.
YOU, EARTH GIRL, AND YOU, SATURNIAN, FIRST TO THE ANIMALS WILL GO! CLIMB THE RAMP!
WHILE
LUCKY THE VOLTAMEN NEVER EXPLORED THESE OLD SUBWAYS.
THEY DON'T KNOW THIS ONE RUNS UNDER THEIR STADIUM. AH, HERE'S THE PLACE!
THAT'LL DO THE TRICK. A TWO MINUTE TIME FUSE ON THE RAY BOMBS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!
AS
WE TO SIDE OF STADIUM ARE. JUMP, EARTH GIRL, JUMP!
SO HUNT DIDN'T FIND A WAY TO HELP, AND I MUST DIE!
9


BUT HE'LL NEVER REST UNTIL HE HAS AVENGED US WH WHAT'S THAT?
AND BELOW...
AT THE GUARDS, MEN! HUNT HAS GIVEN US THIS CHANCE!
AND
GOOD, LYSSA'S LEADING THE ATTACK ON THE GUARDS, I'LL COVER THEIR RETREAT!
WHILE ON VOLTA
SILENCE, STUDENTS, SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE VIDEO HAS GONE! PRISONERS OUR SOLDIERS DID NOT ESCAPE!
AND IT IS TREASON TO BELIEVE THESE THINGS YOU THOUGHT YOU SAW!
THOSE BRAVE EARTH PEOPLE, SOMEDAY TO MEET I WOULD LIKE!
AS
THE SPACESHIPS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR PLANETS
AND WILL SPREAD THE STORY OF HOW YOU FIGHT THE VOLTA MEN!

Futura

by JOHN DOUGLAS

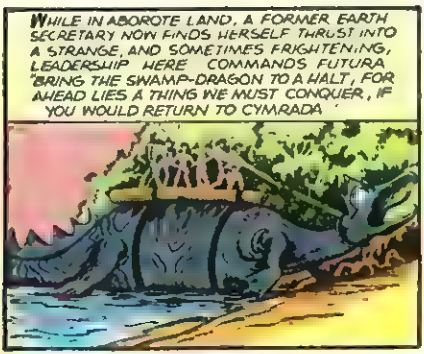
TOO WELL HAD SPECIMEN NINE FROM TERRA BELT GREEN SURVIVED THE CYMRAD TESTS... FOR IT WAS FUTURA, THE CAPTURED EARTH GIRL WHO HAD SLIPPED FROM MENTOR'S CLUTCHES HAD PIERCED THE PURPLE MISTS TO REACH BARGAZZO, LAND OF THE ABOROTES, WHERE EVEN NOW SHE DWELT, AS **LEADER** AND IN CYMRAD CITY

IN THE DUNGEON OF THE OTHER-WORLD CAPTIVES, MENTOR RANTS AND RAVES... "WE **MUST** FIND A BODY CAPABLE OF HOLDING OUR BRAINS, WE MUST, OR PERISH! THIS ONE, SYNTHOS, BRING HER TO CHAMBER THREE FOR TEST FIVE OF **PROJECT SURVIVAL!**"

"AH YES, BUT WHICH CYMRADIAN BRAIN SHALL I USE?" PONDERS MENTOR... "INCAPABLE OF DYING, WE OF THE PAN COSMOS, YET INCAPABLE OF LIVING WITHOUT A FRAME... A BODY."

THEN THE GREATEST OF THE GREAT-BRAINS GESTURES.. "THERE, SYNTHOPOID, LET US TRY THE BRAIN OF IONTRA BRING HIM AND THE SUBJECT TO CHAMBER THREE!"

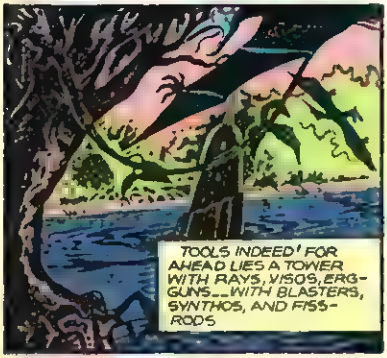
A SHAVEN HEAD.. A MASS OF MATTER. A LAST TESTING OF ELECTRODES.. THEN TEST FIVE IS READY TO BEGIN. "HA!" MENTOR GLOATS. "FUTURA ESCAPED US, BUT THIS ONE MAY YET SOLVE OUR PROBLEM!"

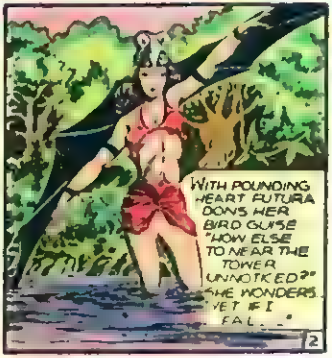

WHILE IN ABOROTE LAND, A FORMER EARTH SECRETARY NOW FINDS HERSELF THRUST INTO A STRANGE, AND SOMETIMES FRIGHTENING, LEADERSHIP HERE COMMANDS FUTURA "BRING THE SWAMP-DRAGON TO A HALT, FOR AHEAD LIES A THING WE MUST CONQUER, IF YOU WOULD RETURN TO CYMRADA

FAR DISTANT, THE GUARDING TOWER OF MENTOR . AND BEFORE US THE GEYSER OF OIL ' SAYS FUTURA "AND WITH IT WE SHALL CAPTURE THAT TOWER YOU WILL FOLLOW MY PLAN?"

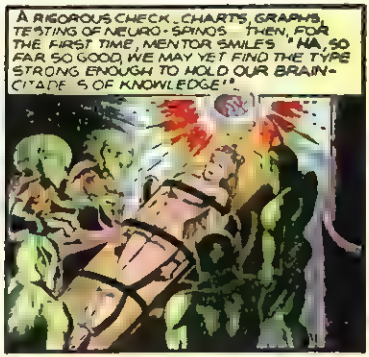
MANY ARE THE GRUMBLINGS... WHO IS THIS EARTH GIRL WHO DARES ORDER US? FOR TENSE SECONDS, INDECISION... INCIPIENT REBELLION THREATENS

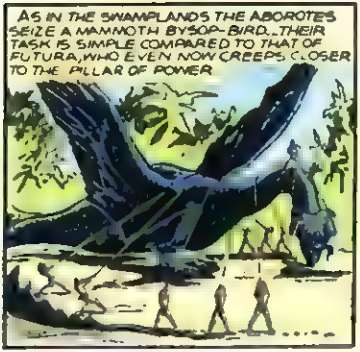
THEN THE STRENGTH OF FUTURA'S VOICE, AND THE GREATER STRENGTH OF JARL NORD'S RING TAKES COMMAND "QUICKLY," SHE ORDERS. 'GIVE ME THE TOOLS I NEED!'


TOOLS INDEED! FOR AHEAD LIES A TOWER WITH RAYS, VISOS, ERG-GUNS... WITH BLASTERS, SYNTHOS, AND FISS-RODS

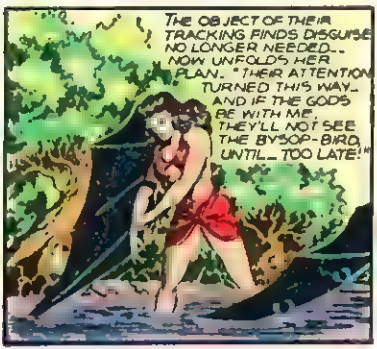

WITH POUNDING HEART FUTURA DONS HER BIRD GUISE "HOW ELSE TO NEAR THE TOWER UNNOTICED?" SHE WONDERS. "YET IF I FAL

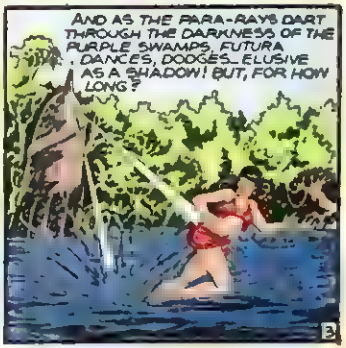
WHILE ON CYMRADA, TEST FIVE CONTINUES. "TAKE CARE" WARNS MENTOR "THE MEDULLA OBLONGATA IS DELICATE AND TIME GROWS SHORT"

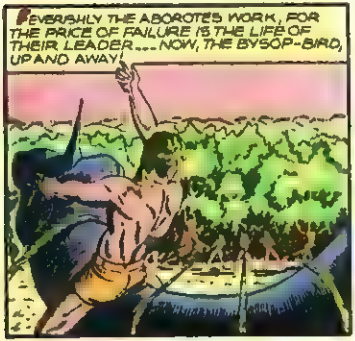

A RIGOROUS CHECK - CHARTS, GRAPHS, TESTING OF NEURO-SPINOS THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME, MENTOR SMILES "HA, SO FAR SO GOOD, WE MAY YET FIND THE TYPE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD OUR BRAIN-CITADEL OF KNOWLEDGE!"

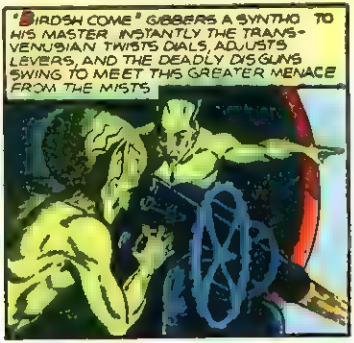

AS IN THE SWAMPLANDS THE ABOROTES SEIZE A MAMMOTH BYSOP-BIRD... THEIR TASK IS SIMPLE COMPARED TO THAT OF FUTURA, WHO EVEN NOW CREEPS CLOSER TO THE PILLAR OF POWER

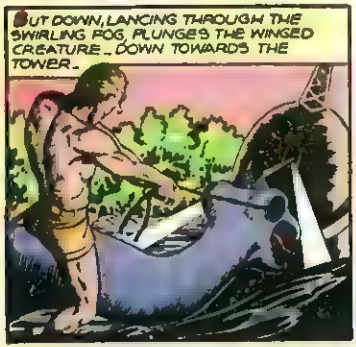
IN THE TOWER, A TRANS-VENUSIAN, THE LIVING OUTCOME OF A NEARLY SUCCESSFUL PROJECT SURVIVAL, BARKS A GRIM COMMAND... "A SHADOW SPOTTED IN THE RADA-SCOPE - QUICKLY SYNTHOS, TRAIN YOUR GUNS!"

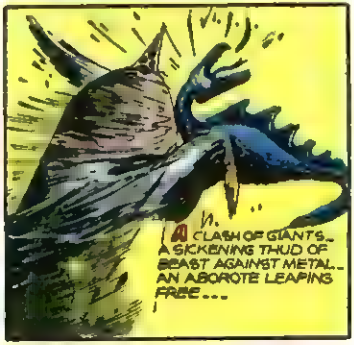

THE OBJECT OF THEIR TRACKING FINDS DISGUISE NO LONGER NEEDED-- NOW UNFOLDS HER PLAN. "THEIR ATTENTION TURNED THIS WAY... AND IF THE GODS BE WITH ME, THEY'LL NOT SEE THE BYSOP-BIRD UNTIL... TOO LATE!"

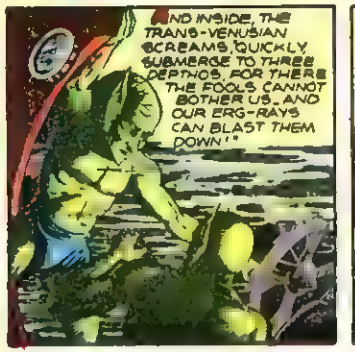

AND AS THE PARA-RAYS DART THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF THE PURPLE SWAMPS, FUTURA DANCES, DODGES... ELUSIVE AS A SHADOW! BUT, FOR HOW LONG?

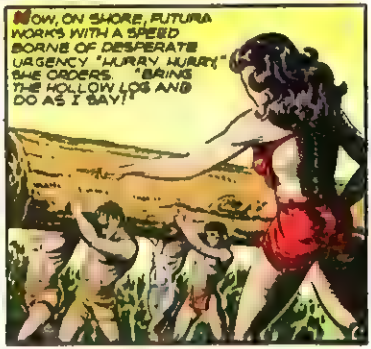

FEVERISHLY THE ABOROTES WORK, FOR THE PRICE OF FAILURE IS THE LIFE OF THEIR LEADER.... NOW, THE BYSOP-BIRD, UP AND AWAY!

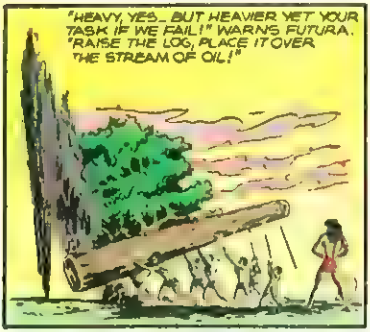

"BIRDSH COME" GIBBERS A SYNTHO TO HIS MASTER. INSTANTLY THE TRANS-VENUSIAN TWISTS DIALS, ADJUSTS LEVERS, AND THE DEADLY DISGUNS SWING TO MEET THIS GREATER MENACE FROM THE MISTS

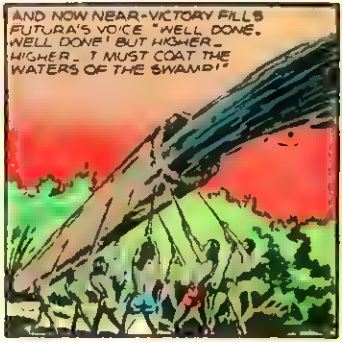

BUT DOWN, LANCING THROUGH THE SWIRLING FOG, PLUNGES THE WINGED CREATURE.. DOWN TOWARD'S THE TOWER..

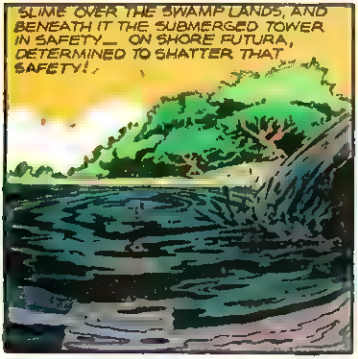

A CLASH OF GIANTS.. A SICKENING THUD OF BEAST AGAINST METAL.. AN ABOROTE LEAPING FREE...


AND INSIDE, THE TRANS-VENUSIAN SCREAMS, "QUICKLY SUBMERGE TO THREE DEPTHOS, FOR THERE THE FOOLS CANNOT BOTHER US.. AND OUR ERG-RAYS CAN BLAST THEM DOWN!"


NOW, ON SHORE, FUTURA WORKS WITH A SPEED BORNE OF DESPERATE URGENCY. "HURRY, HURRY," SHE ORDERS. "BRING THE HOLLOW LOG AND DO AS I SAY!"


"HEAVY, YES— BUT HEAVIER YET YOUR TASK IF WE FAIL!" WARNS FUTURA. "RAISE THE LOG, PLACE IT OVER THE STREAM OF OIL!"


AND NOW NEAR-VICTORY FILLS FUTURA'S VOICE "WELL DONE. WELL DONE! BUT HIGHER— HIGHER— I MUST COAT THE WATERS OF THE SWAMP!"


SLIME OVER THE SWAMP LANDS, AND BENEATH IT THE SUBMERGED TOWER IN SAFETY— ON SHORE FUTURA, DETERMINED TO SHATTER THAT SAFETY!

THEN A FIRE-BRAND CAST UPON OILY WATERS, AND IN IT CENTERED THE HOPES AND PRAYERS OF A NEAR-LOST RACE.

AND AS RAGING FLAMES SPEAR SKYWARD, FUTURA EXULTS, "WATCH NOW, FOR SOON THEY WILL RISE, AND THEN—"

WHILE, IN CYMRAD CITY, MENTOR GLOATS, "ENOUGH FOR NOW, LET US NOT EXHAUST THIS MOST EXCELLENT SUBJECT." BUT HE IS VERY ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTED BY A SHRILL WARNING, "LORD MENTOR, A DANGER SIGNAL FROM OUTPOST TOWER 7!"

DANGER - DEADLY DANGER ON OUTPOST 7! CLUTCHING CLAWING, OXYGEN - EXHAUSTING HEAT!
"WHERE COMES THIS HEAT, I KNOW NOT," THE TRANS-VENUSIAN SCREAMS "BUT RISE WE MUST - OR DIE. THE SURFACE, PERHAPS THERE LIES SAFETY!"
BUT INSTEAD, UP INTO A HORROR OF HEAT A FURY OF FLAME, A RAGING INFERNO! SCREAMS, ANGUISHED CRIES ECHO THE SWAMPLANDS - YET LOUDER STILL THE CRIES OF FUTURA AND THE ABOROTES - FOR THEIRS IS THE VOICE OF VICTORY!
AND IN CYMRADA, A GRUMBLING MENTOR FACES THE VISIRAD. "TROUBLE ON OUTPOST 7, EH? THOSE INFERNAL ABOROTES - WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW? WAIT, THAT FACE, FUTURA ... AND HER VOICE COMING THROUGH ---
"FUTURA BY YOUR NAMING, MENTOR ... AND BY THAT NAME I'LL CONQUER YOU. TAKE WARNING, BIG HEAD - THIS TOWER IS OURS AND NOT UNTIL I LEAD MY ABOROTES TO CYMRADA WILL I RETURN TO EARTH AS MARCIA REYNOLDS"

WAR! EARTH GIRL FUTURA PITTED AGAINST THE MAD GENIUS OF LORD MENTOR. ANOTHER STIRRING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS!**

VOLTIFIC VIEWS

Dear Editor:

After reading the first Vizigraph, I have decided to write in defense of the Lost World. I think Hunt Bowman's boots are okay, and that the Volta language adds to the tenseness and realness of the story. However, I have one request to make. It seems that there are enough Earth people to organize an army and fight the Voltamen. Why not try it?

Yours for an improved PLANET Comics,

Charles R. Salamone
Rochester, New York

● ●

Dear Editor:

Ask Thorncliff Herrick how a Voltaman can swim after Lyssa when I remember that several Voltamen once drowned because their bodies were heavier than water, thus making swimming impossible! Also ask John Douglas what the Arborotes (from FUTURA), do with "guardians" if they live in the wilderness where money is useless. I like PLANET Comics when it's KEPT LOGICAL!

James Gordon
Washington, D. C.

Ed. Note: S-A-R-R-R-R!

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Dear Readers:

Don't forget that the Vizigraph gives the editor a chance to "open fire" on the readers too . . . so don't mind any comments we might make at the bottom of your letters . . . it's all in fun.

We'd like to thank you for your many letters. All of them just won't fit into the VIZIGRAPH . . . but we want you to know that we take all your suggestions and criticisms into consideration. Keep writing!

THE GONE GALE

Dear Editor:

I have been a PLANET Comics fan since the first edition appeared in Canada, and I still think it's tops for my money. But why on earth did Rosa Gallun change his art in his Mysta of the Moon story, and where did Gale Allen go, as I thought it far superior to this Futura feature which I think is strictly from hunger. But oh!

But all in all, it is a superior comic magazine.

Brian Smith
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

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SKEPTIC

Dear Editor:

I think the story, "Telecast From the Future," was a pretty hot story, but cut out that stuff about it being true. Do you actually expect us to believe it? I like your comic book very much. The stories are good science fiction, and the girls are hubba-hubba material.

I think it's impossible for Mysta to have her thought waves go to her robot. Maybe now that she is getting a boy friend (Bron) to help her out of trouble, she won't need that fake stuff.

Billy Fraver
East Cleveland, Ohio

BI-MONTHLY BLUES

Dear Editor:

Please those Voltamen are such horrid-looking creatures! Why do they have to talk that way? Most of the time I have to re-read what they say at least two or three times. Can't something be done about it? Everything else is all right in Lost World.

Listen, you call those things in Futura, men of the Master Race. Well, why can't you have their downfall like that of the Germans? Why not have Futura join up with Carl Nord and put the pressure on those brain men?

Auro's perfect, please don't bring Claudia into the main floor of things because it isn't fair to get Auro in between two women. And no mush, please. Also, tell Hugh Fitzhugh to make Flint Baker more human, have Star Pirate make love to a girl, have Hunt Bowman lose those boots in a fight, and get rid of Bron's cap—or is that his hair?

Pat McPherson
Lake George, New York

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MOON FACED-GIRL?

Dear Editor:

I've been reading PLANET ever since I was old enough to read and now that the Vizigraph has begun I am writing my ideas on the magazine.

I like all art work and babes in all stories, especially Mary in Space Rangers. The only blur is that Mysta of the Moon. I'm glad the robot has changed, but Mysta is the goon-eyed looking girl I've seen in a PLANET yet. And all the men in Mysta look as if their ma's and pa's were horses.

In the September No. 44 issue, how did the whole roof fall in on Hunt Bowman without even mussing his hair? Futura has too much complicated science gab in it, and in Auro, Lord of Jupiter, why does Dorna, a QUEEN, wear a bathing suit and high heels? And last but not least, is that a German Luger I saw in the Face's and Mysta's hands? Yours hoping for a new artist for Mysta.

Moose Alek
Salem, Ohio

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COVER CONSCIOUS

Dear Editor:

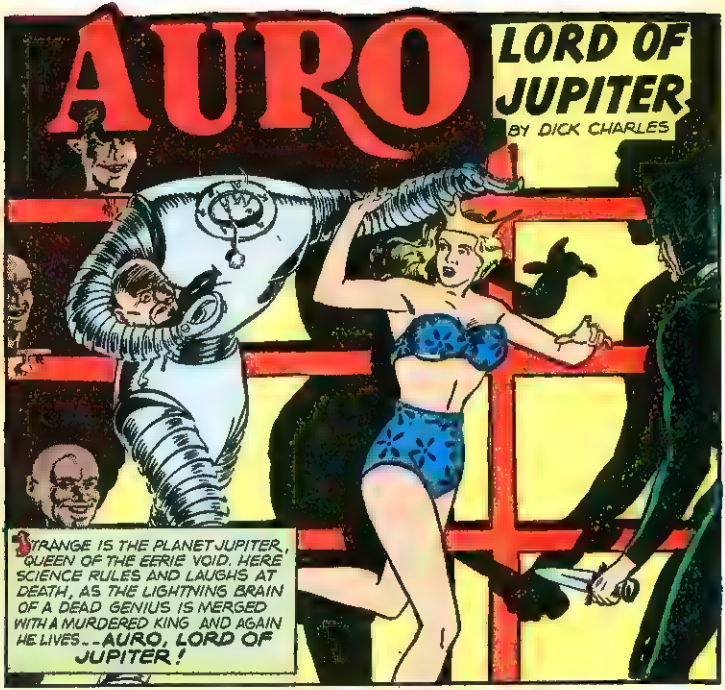
At last! A Vizigraph! Now I can tell you what I like and dislike. I'm starting with—you guessed it—the cover! Now the art work is swell, but sizzling-comet tails, can't you change the ideas? I mean the eternal triangle—the guy, gal, and the goon, usually called a bem or bug-eyed monster. It's positively boring. I noticed you had a space-scene (the first one) on issue No. 43, but on issue No. 44 you went back to the same old stuff with a purple octopus (which owns a face), holding an oversized bubble which contains a girl, while the hero dashes to the rescue.

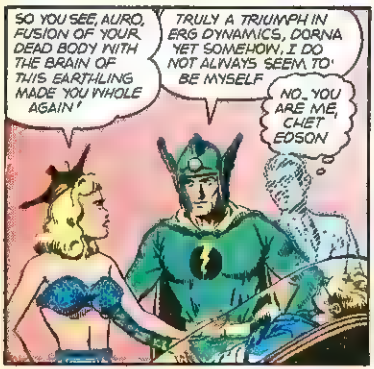
One other thing. In the strip, "Life on Other Worlds," it was stated that Pluto was next, but I found Callisto was. Yeeps, where'd the space go! I'd better blast off.

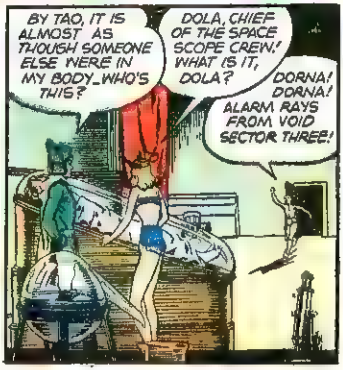
John Grossman
Des Moines, Iowa

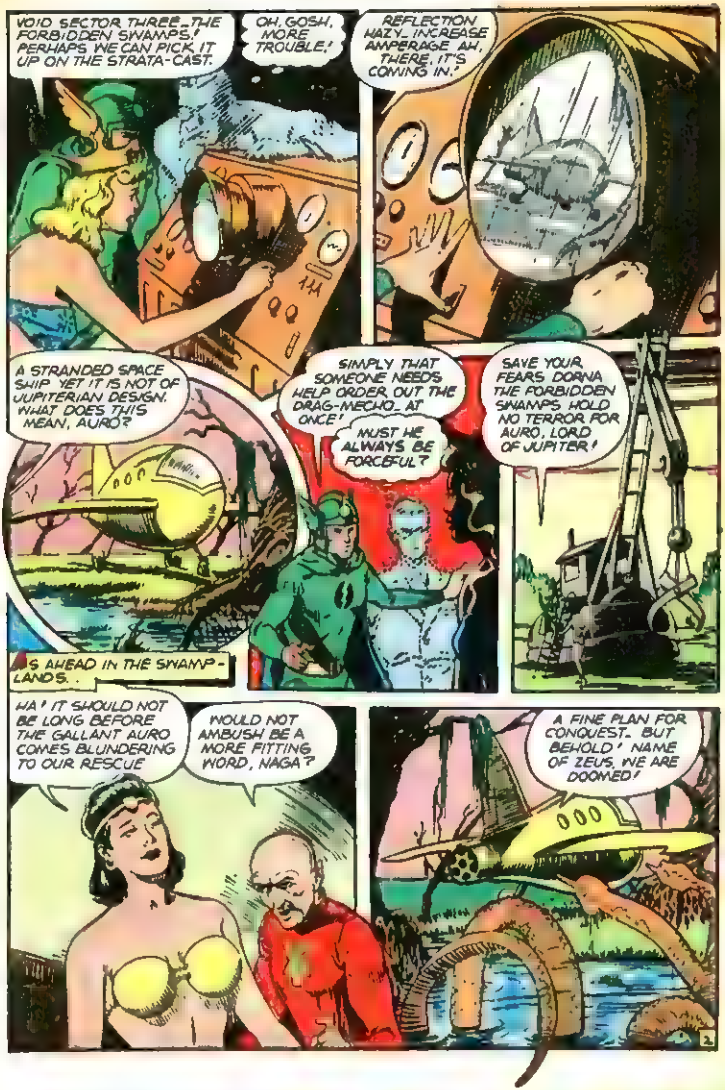
AURO LORD OF JUPITER

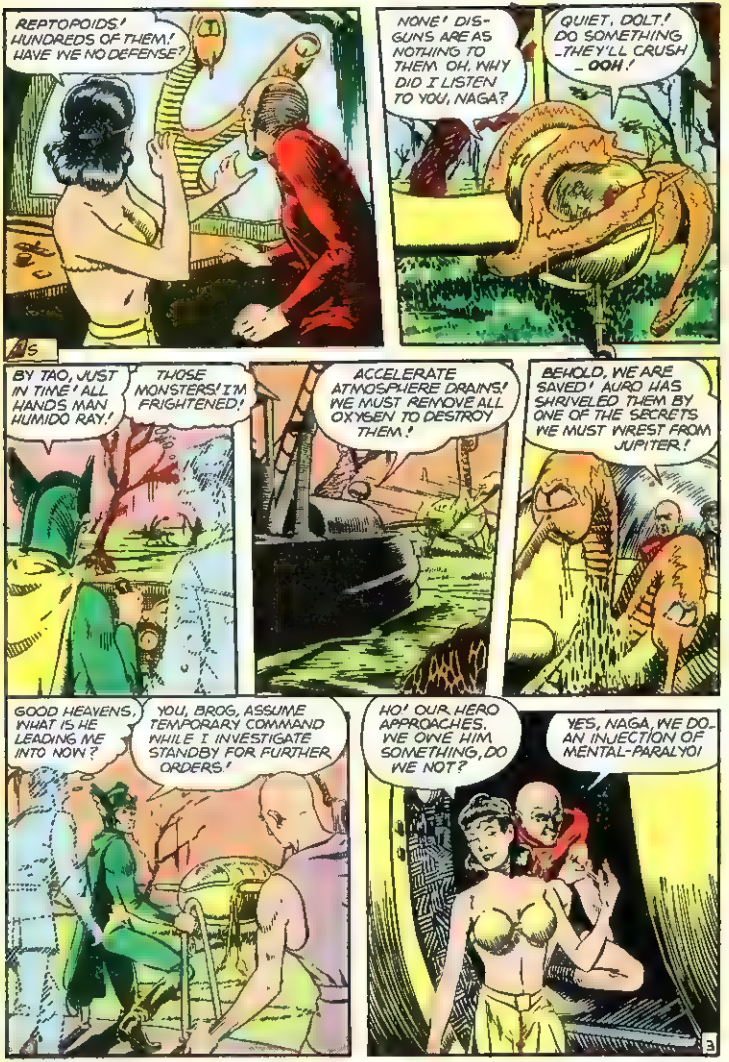
BY DICK CHARLES


STRANGE IS THE PLANET JUPITER, QUEEN OF THE EERIE VOID. HERE SCIENCE RULES AND LAUGHS AT DEATH, AS THE LIGHTNING BRAIN OF A DEAD GENIUS IS MERGED WITH A MURDERED KING AND AGAIN HE LIVES--AURO, LORD OF JUPITER!


SO YOU SEE, AURO, FUSION OF YOUR DEAD BODY WITH THE BRAIN OF THIS EARTHLING MADE YOU WHOLE AGAIN!
TRULY A TRIUMPH IN ERG DYNAMICS, DORNA YET SOMEHOW, I DO NOT ALWAYS SEEM TO BE MYSELF
NO, YOU ARE ME, CHET EDSON


BY TAO, IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH SOMEONE ELSE WERE IN MY BODY_WHO'S THIS?
DOLA, CHIEF OF THE SPACE SCOPE CREW! WHAT IS IT, DOLA?
DORNA! DORNA! ALARM RAYS FROM VOID SECTOR THREE!


VOID SECTOR THREE—THE FORBIDDEN SWAMPS! PERHAPS WE CAN PICK IT UP ON THE STRATA-CAST.
OH, GOSH, MORE TROUBLE!
REFLECTION HAZY... INCREASE AMPERAGE AH, THERE, IT'S COMING IN!
A STRANDED SPACE SHIP YET IT IS NOT OF JUPITERIAN DESIGN. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, AURO?
SIMPLY THAT SOMEONE NEEDS HELP ORDER OUT THE DRAG-MECHO AT ONCE!
MUST HE ALWAYS BE FORCEFUL?
SAVE YOUR FEARS DORNA THE FORBIDDEN SWAMPS HOLD NO TERROR FOR AURO, LORD OF JUPITER!
S AHEAD IN THE SWAMP-LANDS.
HA! IT SHOULD NOT BE LONG BEFORE THE GALLANT AURO COMES BLUNDERING TO OUR RESCUE
WOULD NOT AMBUSH BE A MORE FITTING WORD, NAGA?
A FINE PLAN FOR CONQUEST. BUT BEHOLD! NAME OF ZEUS, WE ARE DOOMED!


REPTOPOIDS! HUNDREDS OF THEM! HAVE WE NO DEFENSE?
NONE! DISGUNS ARE AS NOTHING TO THEM. OH, WHY DID I LISTEN TO YOU, NAGA?
QUIET, DOLT! DO SOMETHING - THEY'LL CRUSH - OOH!
BY TAO, JUST IN TIME! ALL HANDS MAN HUMIDO RAY!
THOSE MONSTERS! I'M FRIGHTENED!
ACCELERATE ATMOSPHERE DRAINS! WE MUST REMOVE ALL OXYGEN TO DESTROY THEM!
BEHOLD, WE ARE SAVED! AURO HAS SHRIVELED THEM BY ONE OF THE SECRETS WE MUST WREST FROM JUPITER!
GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT IS HE LEADING ME INTO NOW?
YOU, BROG, ASSUME TEMPORARY COMMAND WHILE I INVESTIGATE STANDBY FOR FURTHER ORDERS!
HO! OUR HERO APPROACHES. WE OWE HIM SOMETHING, DO WE NOT?
YES, NAGA, WE DO- AN INJECTION OF MENTAL-PARALYO!

YOU SAVED US, AURO. WE ARE INDEBTED TO YOU!
HOW KNOW YOU MY NAME? AND WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE ON JUPITER? I...OOH!
THAT NEEDLE!
YOU...YOU ARE MY MASTER!
AURO...AURO, NO! TOO LATE - MENTAL PROCESS STUNNED!
HAH! YOU ARE MY CREATURE, WRETCH. QUICKLY TO MY ASTRO-YACHT!
IT IS ODD THAT AURO ORDERS US TO REMAIN IN THE FORBIDDEN SWAMPS YET HE IS MASTER OF JUPITER WE MUST OBEY!
OON...
AND...
WE APPROACH ENTER TRACTO BEAM! LOWER TERRA FLAPS! GO IN ON GLIDE NORM!
A LAB! WHAT NOW?
YOU'LL SOON SEE, AURO, THAT WE, TOO, HAVE SCIENCE HERE.
JUPITER'S MARVELS COMBINED WITH MINE SHALL MAKE ME QUEEN OF THE OUTER-VOID. FIRST, MY MECHO-MEN!
SINEWS OF STEEL PLUS PETRIFIED HUMAN BRAINS.
UGH - AWFUL! BUT HOW?

LEST YOU'RE CURIOUS I MERELY ACTIVATE CADAVAR CONTROL TO MAKE THEM LIVE.
ONCE THEY GAIN ACESS TO JUPITER, THEY'LL CONQUER IT EASILY AND YOU ARE GOING TO GET US THROUGH THE ENERGO FIELDS!
ROUSE, MAN! NO USE!
ATTENTION, ENERGO FIELD COMMANDERS, I WILL ARRIVE WITH FRIENDLY SPACE FLEET IN TWO STRATA HOURS. ADMIT ME! AURO HAS SPOKEN!
SPLENDID, AURO! YOU MAKE A PERFECT TOOL. MECHO-MEN BOARD VOID TRANSPORT! ADJUST TO CONDITION HOSTILE!
I MUST REMEMBER TO DO AS THE MASTER ORDERS.
SOON.
CLEARING ENERGO FIELDS NOW, MASTER. OPEN FIRE? YES, MASTER
S BELOW.
WHAT? THEY ARE HOSTILE! AURO HAS BETRAYED JUPITER! ALL BATTERIES, JET ARTILLERY, COMMENCE FIRING!
AND.
AURO! WAKE! WAKE! YOU'RE... OOH... WE'RE HIT—
HO! AURO'S SHIP FALLS, BUT NO MATTER... WE ARE DONE WITH HIM. IN FOR LANDING!

AND
AURO, BETTER THAT YOU HAD DIED IN THE CRASH BUT I'LL SHOOT YOU AS A TRAITOR BEFORE THE INVADERS DESTROY US.
WHO.. WHAT?
I REMEMBER NOW! DRUGGED ..INVADERS COMING..NO TIME TO TALK.. MUST SAVE JUPITER!
GOOD! THE CRASH HAS RESTORED HIS SENSES. NOW IF ONLY HE SEES THIS FISSION RAY!
BY TAO!
FISSION RAY! THE ANSWER TO MECHO-MEN ONE BLAST WILL FREEZE ALL METAL WITHIN RADIUS OF TEN LUNAR MILES.
GOT THEM! SAME CHARGE WILL STOP SPACE SHIPS!
AS ABOVE
WHAT? MECHO-MEN IMMOBILIZED..OOH! SHIP CONTROLS FROZEN. WE'LL.. WE'LL CRASH!
HAH! THEY ARE HELPLESS! IT IS NOT WITHOUT REASON THAT I AM LORD OF JUPITER!
AND I AM MERELY CHET EDSON!
AURO, FORGIVE ME. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD NOT BETRAY JUPITER
OR YOU, DORNA.

Life on other Worlds
UNDER THE SUN BAKED SURFACE OF MERCURY, LIE TALES STRANGE HUMAN, HUGE CATERPILLAR LIKE CREATURES GLITTER THROUGH LAIR TUNNELS WITH THEIR HIGHLY DEVELOPED EYES. THEY LEAVE THEIR WELL TO FEEL THE SUNLESS DARKNESS OF THE LAVA HOLLOWED CAVES ABOVE. THEIR COVERS THE WANDERING BAND THEY KEEP TO THE CRATER SHADES. THE DAYLIGHT BANGS THEY MUST POUNCE, GRASP THEIR VICTIM AND RETREAT RAPIDLY FOR LONG EXPOSURE TO THE POWERFUL RAYS OF THE SUN SPELLS DEATH TO THESE HAIRY MONSTERS.
ANOTHER GLIMPSE INTO LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS IN THE NEXT PLANET COMICS!

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH [illegible]

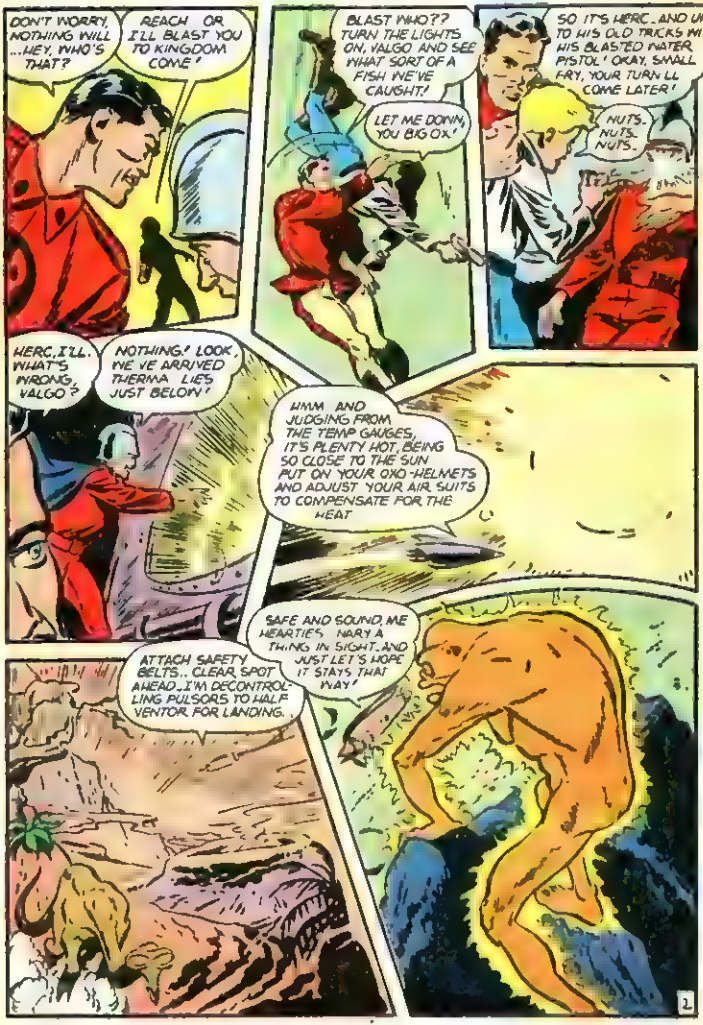
HERMA, A PLANET OF MYSTERY, LAND NOT YET CHARTED ON THE MAPS OF THE UNIVERSE, NONE WERE SURE IT EVEN EXISTED.. ONCE HAD AN EXPE

GLAD MY SIDEKICK, HERCULES, ISN'T ALONG ON THIS TRIP! BUT GO ON, VALGO, GIVE ME A NUTSHELL VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT

SIMPLY THIS, R...

CREATURES...ONLY I MANAGED TO STAGGER BACK TO THE SHIP, SET ROBOT CONTROLS, AND SOMEHOW REACH EARTH SAFELY..

THAT'S IT! BUT, FOR THE GOOD OF THE UNIVERSE, I CAN'T HELP REPEATING THAT IT WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE, MOST UNFORTUNATE, IF ANYONE FOUND OUT ABOUT OUR MISSION!


DON'T WORRY, NOTHING WILL ...HEY, WHO'S THAT?
REACH OR I'LL BLAST YOU TO KINGDOM COME!
BLAST WHO?? TURN THE LIGHTS ON, VALGO AND SEE WHAT SORT OF A FISH WE'VE CAUGHT!
LET ME DOWN, YOU BIG OX!
SO, IT'S HERC.. AND UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS WITH HIS BLASTED WATER PISTOL! OKAY, SMALL FRY, YOUR TURN LL COME LATER!
NUTS. NUTS. NUTS.
HERC, I'LL. WHAT'S WRONG, VALGO?
NOTHING! LOOK. WE'VE ARRIVED THERMA LIES JUST BELOW!
HMM AND JUDGING FROM THE TEMP GAUGES, IT'S PLENTY HOT, BEING SO CLOSE TO THE SUN PUT ON YOUR OXO-HELMETS AND ADJUST YOUR AIR SUITS TO COMPENSATE FOR THE HEAT
SAFE AND SOUND, ME HEARTIES. NARY A THING IN SIGHT.. AND JUST LET'S HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY!
ATTACH SAFETY BELTS.. CLEAR SPOT AHEAD..I'M DECONTROLLING PULSORS TO HALF VENTOR FOR LANDING.
2

SUDDENLY
FLINT, LOOK! THERE'S THEM FIRE THINGS YALGO YUZ TALKIN' ABOUT. AN' I DON'T THINK THEY LIKE US!
INHOSPITABLE, EH? THEN LET'S SEE HOW THEY'D LIKE A DOSE OF DIS RAYS! HOLY COW—RAYS HAVE NO EFFECT! RUN FOR IT!
I CAN'T STAND HERE AND SEE HIM KILLED!
BEHIND YOU—QUICK!
HEY, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU SPRANG FROM, BUT YOU'RE CARRYING THE BALL! FLINT, YALGO, C'MON!
NO, WAIT! COME, FOLLOW ME INTO THIS CAVE OF GAS!
HURRY, THE GAS WILL NOT HURT US, BUT FILLS THEM WITH TERROR!
WAIT, THEY'VE GOT YALGO!
THERE! THAT SHOULD BREAK YOUR NECK!
QUICK—DEEPER INTO THE CAVE WHERE THERE IS MORE GAS!
OHH! A FIRE-MIME GOT'TA WORK FAST OR BE BURNED TO DEATH!
3

MEANWHILE..
CAPTURED NOW IF THIS RESISTO-SUIT I PERFECTED ON EARTH ONLY WORKS AS I PLANNED.
HOLD, YOU HAVE CAPTURED ME, BUT I COME TO YOU AS LEADER!
COME, CAST YOUR FLAMES ABOUT ME...AND YOU WILL FIND THAT I THROW THEM OFF AS NOTHING! THERE, YOU SEE NOW?
NEVER BEFORE HAD THE FIRE-MIMES BEHELD A CREATURE TO WITHSTAND THEIR ANGER AND THEIR GUTTURAL GRUNTS PROCLAIMED HIM INDEED LEADER!
IT WORKED..IT WORKED! AND IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE BLASTING AWAY FROM HERE, WITH THE ATOMITE, AND WITHOUT FLINT BAKER AND THE OTHERS!
QUICKLY, BRING ME ROPES..WE MUST CATCH THOSE WHO CAME WITH ME..FOR THEY ARE ENEMIES!
No.
HURRY, THIS WAY! THEY CAN'T FOLLOW BECAUSE OF THE GAS! MY FATHER TAUGHT ME THIS..
THEN YOU MUST BE THE DAUGHTER OF DR DALE THE LEADER OF THE LOST ATOMITE EXPEDITION
YES! SOME TRAITOR KILLED ALL BUT MYSELF I ESCAPED WID IN THE CAVES BUILT UP A RESISTANCE TO THE GAS, AND.
LOOK..LOOK! THERE'S YALGO, AND REALLY IN A HOT SPOT!
AHH, FLINT'S SEEN ME! NOW FOR THE REST.
CAREFUL, MAKE SURE THIS ACT LOOKS CONVINCING!

C'MON, WE CAN'T LET THE POOR GUY BE ROASTED! DIS RAYS FAILED BEFORE. SO I'LL SWITCH TO PARO-RAYS!
IT WORKS. IT WORKS! NOT KILLING 'EM, BUT STUNNING 'EM ENOUGH FOR US TO SAVE VALGO! HERC, GET OVER THERE AND SLASH HIS ROPES!
GOOD WORK, HERC, MY BOY! NOW LET US MAKE WHAT IS KNOWN AS A STRATEGIC RETREAT TO OUR SPACE BUGGY!
HA! THE STUPID BAKER FELL FOR MY TRICK! AND ONLY HE HAS A GUN!
ONE QUICK TWIST CUT OFF HIS OXYGEN SUPPLY. THERE. HE'S FAINTING. DROPPING HIS RIFLE!
YOU! NOW I REMEMBER. YOU WERE THE ONE WHO KILLED MY FATHER!
PRECISELY, MY DEAR. BUT WAIT, WHILE I BRING BAKER BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS
YOU SEE, I MUST THANK HIM FOR BRINGING ME HERE, FOR HELPING ME FIND ATOMITE, THE MOST POWERFUL ENERGY PRODUCING UNIT IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE!
HMM... I MAY BE WHISTLING IN THE DARK, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS!
"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL," EH? BUT ENOUGH OF GALLANTRIES. CREATURES OF FIRE, LET YOUR FLAMES DESTROY THEM!
5

BUT SUDDENLY
GEE WHIZ..I STILL GOT A WEAPON VALGO DIDN'T BOTHER TO TAKE..
MY WATER GUN! GOLLY, IT'S WORKIN'..THEY'RE DRYIN' UP!
YOU BLASTED LITTLE BRAT..I'LL SMASH YOUR BRAINS IN!
HERC GAVE ME JUST THE BREAK I NEED.. AND IT'S UP TO ME TO COME THROUGH FOR A TOUCHDOWN!
OHHH!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO PLAY WITH FIRE!
VALGO'S GUN..GOT TO BLAST THESE WALLS AND HOPE THE GAS KILLS THE FIRE-MIMES! AHH, THEY'RE SPLITTING!
AND AS THE DEADLY FUMES SEEP THROUGH..
DYING LIKE FLIES..THE GAS MUST BE HECTO-GON..IT EXHAUSTS THE OXYGEN IN THE AIR, AND THEREBY KILLS THEM, BUT DOESN'T AFFECT US BECAUSE OF OUR OXO-HELMETS! SIMPLE, EH?
SIMPLE, YES..BUT IF YOU HADN'T THOUGHT TO SMASH THE CAVE WALLS..
HEY, HOLD ON THERE! DON'T FORGET MY WATER PISTOL GAVE YOU THE CHANCE TO STRUT YOUR STUFF!
RIGHT AS RAIN, HERC, ME LAD. BUT NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE SPACE SHIP LUTRA AND I HAVE TO DISCUSS ER BUSINESS.
YAH! I BET IT'S MONKEY BUSINESS!

Space Rangers in every issue of PLANET COMICS!!

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

THE utter silence was appalling, and the somber faces of the Universal Safety Council members showed weariness as the speaker picked up the last paper on his desk and after clearing his voice, started to read.

. . . "I, Gilbert Mason, was stationed with the Attaché on Macabre, when I accidently stumbled on their ominous secret. I had hurt my leg a week earlier and was sent to the military hospital for treatment.

I can still remember my cute little nurse, Helen, who blurted out the truth to me. Why she confided in me I do not know, but after her story, I started to understand why there were so many guards above the tenth floor.

When Helen was off duty that night, she brought me some clothing and told me to follow her up the rear stairway, which was unguarded. I followed to the eleventh floor, and as we stood in the darkness of the hall we could see into the brilliantly illuminated laboratory of Dr. Satyr. The place was a bedlam of assistants working at a furious pace. Dr. Satyr, a reknowned scientist, was at the controls of an anti-centrifugal mixer, and had a ghastly smirk on his face.

"Those bulbs above his head contain the streptocolma plasma cultures," Helen explained, pointing to a series of glass bulbs hanging from the ceiling. "The Doctor is using the principle of neculear bombardment by beta ray cyclatron to split and propagate the germ."

It was unbelievable . . . there hung a few bulbs with a potential danger to the safety of the universe greater than twenty invading armies—here was a fluid that would kill all living organisms within 40 Quatnes of space! I knew then, that it must be destroyed—together with its creator.

"Although I love my people, they have no right to kill. You must destroy this evil before . . ." She had no time to finish her sentence, for coming down the hallway was a group of soldiers. I grabbed Helen and pushed her into the room at my right. We huddled against the door and listened as they stopped in front of the entrance and started talking.

"It doesn't look as if they are going to move," I whispered to her. "Do you know where we are?"

"I believe it's one of the test chambers where they obtain the living tissue for their experiments. There's a light switch behind me. I'll turn it on."

As she switched on the light she gave a scream there in front of us stood a mangled monster beyond description. It seemed a genetical cross between, what acheologists on earth call an archeopytrax and our modern octopus. The 'thing' uttered a low terrifying gutteral sound and started his long scaly psudapods, which he used to propel his sinister body, towards us. In desperation, Helen and I tried to force the door open but found that it was locked.

As I clutched at my small knife, cold perspiration formed on my forehead. I knew, even if we were to escape, whoever had closed the door would be waiting for us.

Four inches of steel against a fifteen foot monster made the odds a little uneven, but I had to get out somehow and destroy the bigger evil that lurked in the lab . . .

To shield Helen, I stepped forward and could feel a sticky tentacle slowly start to wind itself about me. The nauseating, hot breath coming from the monsters mouth swept over me like vile tongues of flame.

As his loathsome arms tightened I started to plunge my knife into the head. I could hear the crunching of the skin as I kept stabbing, and felt pieces of flesh give way. In-

stead of loosening his grip the blows seemed to make him squeeze tighter. Every time I would dig the knife into him he would utter a horrible screech and tighten his hold.

I started to lose consciousness and concentrated all my remaining energy into the last blow. Straight into the eye of the monster the blood soaked knife ripped. Then, slowly, it released its hold and fell back, doubling up with agony.

This was the chance I had waited for. I grabbed Helen and ran through the door on the other side of the room . . .

We were in the main lab. Our entry was somewhat of a surprise, and it was a full minute before Dr. Satyr's assistants started at us. Helen shouted that I should get the doctor while she held back the others . . . then she threw herself at the on-rushing guards.

The doctor, realizing the danger, started to run out on the terrace, which was used as a rocket auxiliary field. I went after him, but he had already started a small military rocket zooming upward. I jumped into the only other ship on the small roof. The racket had aroused the guards and, releasing the dyno-brakes, I saw a flash from one of their ray guns fission my front turbo.

I opened the fuel line into the emergency turbo and slowly pushed forward on the mix control, hoping that enough power would develop to take off. 3000 ergs are needed, normally, at a 40 lb. pressure for a take off. All my sentimet would register was 1900 ergs. With the turbo-regenerator shot there was only one chance in ten that I would clear the roof.

20 . . . 50 . . . 70 . . . miles an hour. The ship was bouncing along as I frantically pushed forward to 100% carbo-mix. I had to get more speed, as the runway was giving out. I tore at the uncoupler of the thermal hydrostatic system, setting the hot flame directly on the emergency turbo, hoping the forced heating would increase the pressure. It would either burn up the engine or else make the fuel catch. The slightly audible pstt . . . pstt . . . pstt suddenly became a roar as the turbo caught!

The doctor had a head start but the forced heating was giving me an abnormal speed and I soon overtook him. It wasn't difficult to send him spinning wildly to the ground for he had little knowledge of flying and all that was necessary were two blasts of the ray. I now turned back towards the hospital to finish the job.

Helen was in the building, but regardless of the feeling I had begun to have towards her, I could not allow this horrible weapon ever to be used . . . even if it meant destroying both her and myself.

The alarm must have been given, for as I approached the hospital I could see two Macaberian ships coming at me. They were blasting away and swinging sharply to the right. I could suddenly feel my vertical control arm become useless. They had scored a direct hit and it would now be only a matter of seconds before I would crack up. If only I could hold out another minute and direct the ship into the ceiling of the lab.

I tried to keep the ship on a level line but fire had already broken out and was moving swiftly towards the forward fuel tank . . . I could see the hospital a few hundred yards ahead. I pushed forward with all my remaining energy and braced myself for the crash. Closing my eyes I prayed that it would be the lab.

I was lying there after the crackup and saw destruction everywhere. The entire top floor had caught fire. Helen, who they had let go in the confusion, found me . . . but too late. Now I dedicate these notes to her, in my last minutes. She has told me that I have destroyed the bulbs with the germ fluid. I wish to say that . . .

This is Helen writing now. Soon all Macabre will be dead. Your brave Captain did what was necessary and . . ."

There was a brief rustle of paper—then, deadening and terrible—the utter silence . . .

MYSTA OF THE MOON

By ROSS GALLUN

PUBLIC NOTICE!
TRIAL OF VITOR FOR UNAUTHORIZED EXPERIMENTS WITH DAMP LIGHT THAT RESULTED IN TWO DEATHS WILL BE HELD ON URANUS THIS DATE!
DO YOU THINK VITOR REALLY PERFECTED DAMP LIGHT, MYSTA?
FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND, I HOPE NOT, BRON! HOWEVER, I'M GLAD THEY CAUGHT THE FIEND, AND I'M QUITE WILLING TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM!
HEAR THIS, ROBOT! SPARKONS MESHED! ROCKET CYLINDERS FULL BLAST!
SPAR-KONS MESHED! ROCKETS FULL ON! (CLICK)
NOW, ROBOT! STEER ZERO SEVEN QUADRO SIX!
IT'S A THIRTY PARSEC TRIP TO URANUS, MYSTA!

YES, APPROXIMATELY I'LL CALL ON THE TELE-SO AND GIVE THEM OUR PROBABLE TIME OF ARRIVAL
URANUS IS ON THE ONE HUNDRED KILONES BAND
WHAT IS IT MYSTA-AREN'T YOU GOING TO CALL URANUS?
LOOK AT THE SCREEN, BRON! THAT OLD SPACE DERELICTER...IT'S COMING TOWARD US!
AND THE PILOT'S ABANDONING IT IN A SPACE SUIT! IT'S GOING TO RAM US!
THE REPELLO RAY WON'T STOP IT! IT MUST BE ON A MAGNO BEAM!
OH... CRASH! LOOK OUT!
I AM ALONE NEARBY
I AM SURE NEVER TO SEE MY FATHER AND MOTHER IN THE SPACER JUST LIKE HERS
LUNA FALLING! PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE TAKE OFF!
THE OLD DERELICT

WHILE...
THE ROCKET TUBES ARE SMASHED! MYSTA, WE'RE DRIFTING!
YES, BUT THE ATTRACTO BEAM WASN'T DAMAGED!
AND I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHY WE WERE RAMMED!
OOOH, THE ATTRACTO... DRAWING ME TO MYSTA'S SHIP!
IT'S NO USE, BRON WE'D PROBABLY GET ONLY LIES! ROBOT—HOLD THE PRISONER FAST! MY THOUGHT IMAGE... THE ONLY CHANCE!
TALK! TALK FAST OR DIE!
NOW, YOU MANGY SWINE, WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY WERE WE RAMMED?
NO! NO! THERE'S SOME STRANGE FORCE! I CAN'T SEE IT, BUT I CAN FEEL IT! IT'S UNREAL...
IT'S ENTERING MY MIND!

AT THAT TIME ON URANUS...
NO WORD YET FROM MYSTA AND HER FRIEND, BRON?
NOT A WORD, AND IT'S PAST TIME FOR THIS DOG'S TRIAL TO BEGIN!
AH, BUT PERHAPS MYSTA WILL NOT ARRIVE AT ALL... PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE - AND THEN - "THIS DOGS" DAY WILL COME
YOUR EXCELLENCIES! MYSTA'S SHIP APPROACHES!
ORDER THE RAMP GATES OPENED!
AYE, 'TIS MYSTA WITHOUT A DOUBT!
THOSE FOOLS! AH, BUT THIS SHIP, IDENTICAL TO MYSTA'S, DOES THE TRICK!
ALL READY, LARA! VITOR WILL BE PROUD OF HIS DAUGHTER!
HERE SHE COMES!
AND HER TESTIMONY ON DAMP LIGHT WILL CERTAINLY CONVICT VITOR!
COME, LET'S WELCOME THE GIRL!
BUT THEN...
A-A-A-A
HERE, VITOR! THIS HELMET, QUICKLY!
PARAGAS!

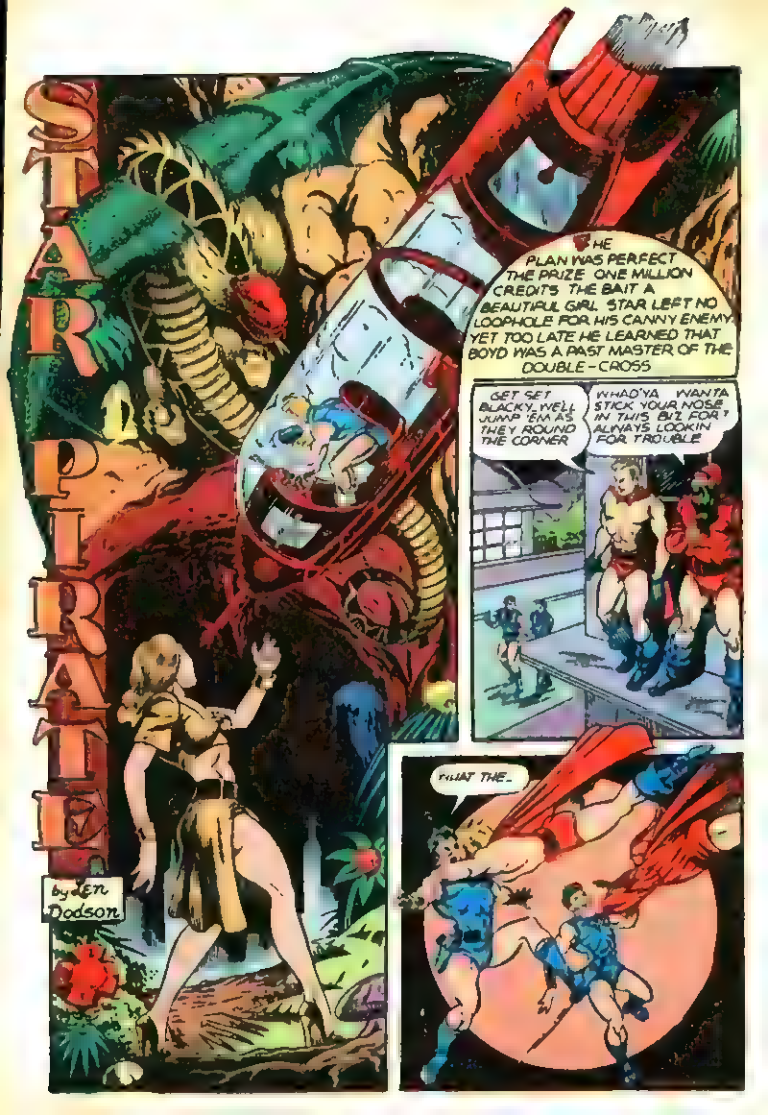
MEANWHILE
OOH.. MY HEAD.. WEAK AS THOUGH SOME STRANGE FORCE INVADED MY MIND..
WHAT IS IT, MYSTA.. DID YOU FIND OUT WHY THIS SCOUNDREL RAMMED OUR SHIP?
HIS MIND POSSESSED ONLY THE NUMBER OF AN ASTEROID - 66 B - AND THE NAME LARA - DAUGHTER OF VITOR
IN THE SPACE SLED WE COULD REACH 66 B, THOUGH URANUS IS BEYOND ITS RANGE! LET THE PRISONER DRIFT IN THE MULK. HE CAN BE RETAKEN LATER EASILY ENOUGH
SO, MOMENTS LATER
GOOD, GOOD! KEEP AN EYE ON OUR CAPTIVES!
ONE SEEMS TO FRET THAT HIS BONDS ARE TOO TIGHT, VITOR
WHILE IN A GLOOMY CAVERN ON THE ASTEROID..
MY DAMP LIGHT APPARATUS IS ALL SET UP, BUT TELL ME.. THE PETRIFIED INSECT EGGS?
ALL ARE HERE, VITOR
VAH! SOON THE DEFENDANT SHALL SENTENCE JURORS, AND THAT SENTENCE..... DEATH!
9

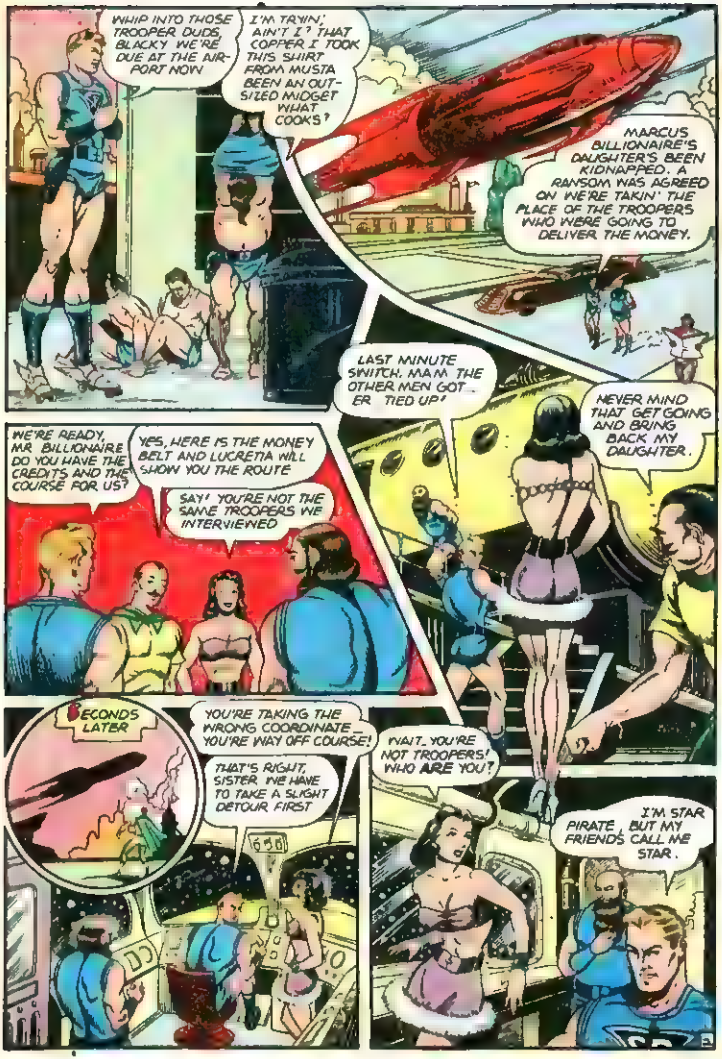
WELL MYSTA WE REACHED ASTEROID 668 ALL RIGHT- NOW WHAT?
I THINK THE RIDDLE WILL SOON BE ANSWERED, BRON LOOK- THAT CAVE!
THEN COME ON WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
IT MAY BE A TRAP! ROBOT! YOU WILL ENTER THE CAVE AND-
ENTER CAVE (CLICK)
MYSTA! YOU WERE RIGHT! WE'D HAVE BEEN BURNED TO A CRISP!
BUT MY ROBOT WASN'T DAMAGED! IT'S A KANO SNARE! AND THE POWER SUPPLY MUST BE NEARBY! MY RAY GUN-
THERE- THAT DOES IT! COME ON NOW WE CAN ENTER THE CAVERN!
WHILE INSIDE
INSECT EGGS AND DAMP LIGHT ARE SET! NOW TO SHOW THE JURY HOW MY LAB ASSISTANTS DIED!
THE MONSTERS WILL BE BLASTED AS SOON AS THEY FINISH OUR CAPTIVES, VITOR! THE KANO GUNS ARE READY!
WHEN IN THE DAMP LIGHT'S BEAM..WATCHING... GROWING INCREDIBLY HUNGRILY ADVANCING ON THE BOUND MEN

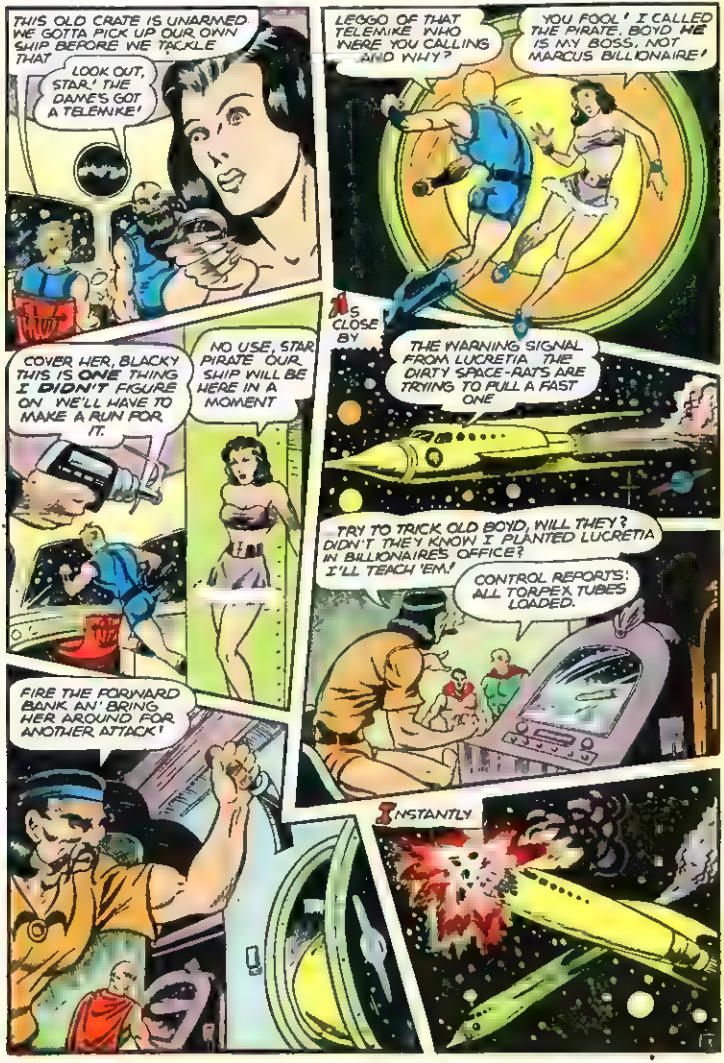
THEY'RE COMING FOR US! WE'RE DOOMED!
TRUE! FAREWELL, MY FRIEND!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT
BRON LOOK! OH NO! IT CAN'T BE REAL!
SHHH, IT'S REAL ALL RIGHT! AND HERE COMES VITOR!
NOW, MYSTA! I'VE GOT THE FIEND!
WHAT THE DEVIL!
MYSTA!
JUST A MOMENT, YOUR EXCELLENCY! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE!
FIRE! SHOOT THEM DOWN! THE KANO GUNS! QUICKLY, YOU FOOLS!
YES, FIRE! WHY DON'T YOU... AFRAID OF DESTROYING VITOR'S FILTHY HIDE?
HOLD HIM JUST A PARSEC LONGER BRON!
THE MONSTERS ARE COMING CLOSER!
FOLLOW ME, YOU LILY-LIVERED FOOLS! MYSTA AND BRON WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
7

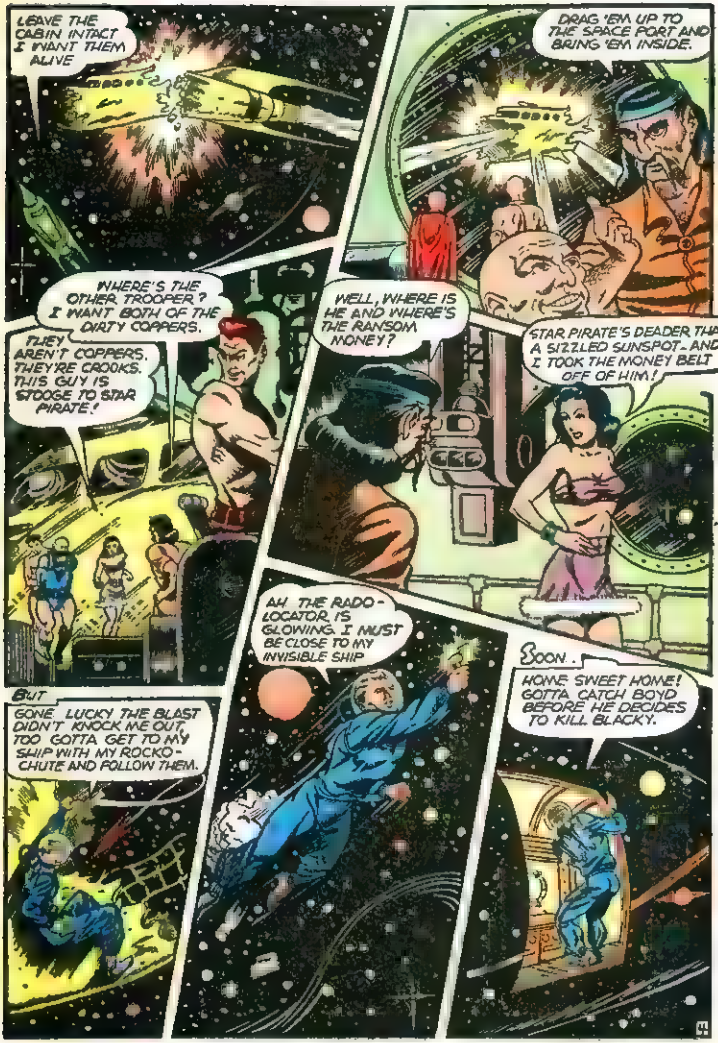
HELP!
LOOK OUT!
YOUR EXCELLENCIES! INTO THE SPACE SLED! IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE THERE!
HURRY, MYSTA!
NEVER MIND THE PRISONERS NOW! THE MONSTERS.. BLAST THEM!
BUT THE KANO GUNS WON'T FIRE! THE POWER SUPPLY HAS FAILED!
NO- OH NO! HELP!
HEAR THIS, ROBOT! SPARKONS MESHED! ROCKET CYLINDERS FULL ON!
WELL, THERE'LL BE NO TRIAL FOR VITOR NON!
NO, BRON. I GUESS NOT! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE MOON, AND PEACE!
SPAR-KONS MESHED! ROCKETS CYLINDERS FULL ON! (CLICK)
HELP! HELP! A-A-A-A-

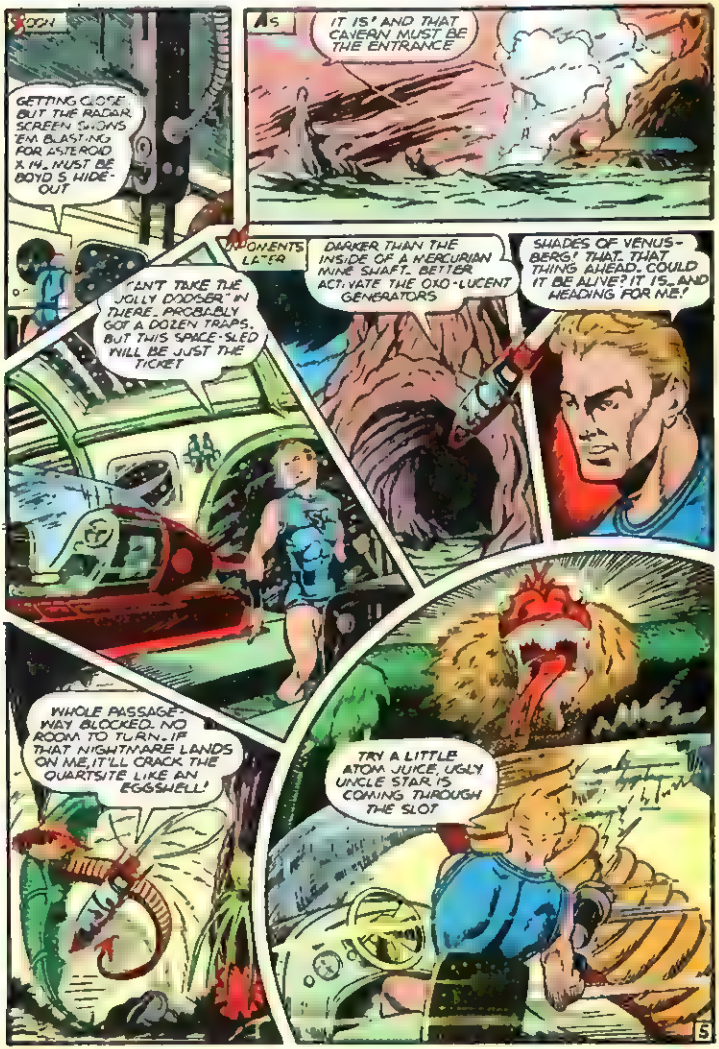
Life on other Worlds
SPACE PIRATES' HIDEOUT!
WHEN SPACE TRAVEL WAS IN ITS INFANCY SMALL BANDS OF HIGHWAYMEN OPERATED FROM THE ASTEROIDS AND RAIDED THE GIANT ROCKET LINERS NOT SATISFIED WITH LOOTING THE SHIPS, THESE MODERN PIRATES OFTEN TOOK HOSTAGES AND CHAINED THEM IN THEIR DARK CAVERNS TO AWAIT RANSOM PAYMENTS. BUT WITH THE COMING OF THE INTERPLANETARY SPACE PATROLS, THESE CONSPIRATORS WERE SWEPT FROM THE SKYWAYS. NOW MANY HARDY ADVENTURERS, TEMPTED BY THE STORIES OF HIDDEN TREASURE, VENTURE TO EXPLORE THESE ASTEROIDS, SEEKING THE LOOT-FILLED CAVES. SOME WILL RETURN WITH UNTOLD WEALTH BUT MANY WILL BECOME VICTIMS OF THE STRANGE CREATURES DWELLING ON THESE MINIATURE WORLDS.


STAR PIRATE
by Len Dodson
THE PLAN WAS PERFECT THE PRIZE ONE MILLION CREDITS THE BAIT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL STAR LEFT NO LOOPHOLE FOR HIS CANNY ENEMY YET TOO LATE HE LEARNED THAT BOYD WAS A PAST MASTER OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS
GET SET BLACKY, WE'LL JUMP 'IM AS THEY ROUND THE CORNER
WHADYA WANTA STICK YOUR NOSE IN THIS BIZ FOR? ALWAYS LOOKIN FOR TROUBLE
WHAT THE-

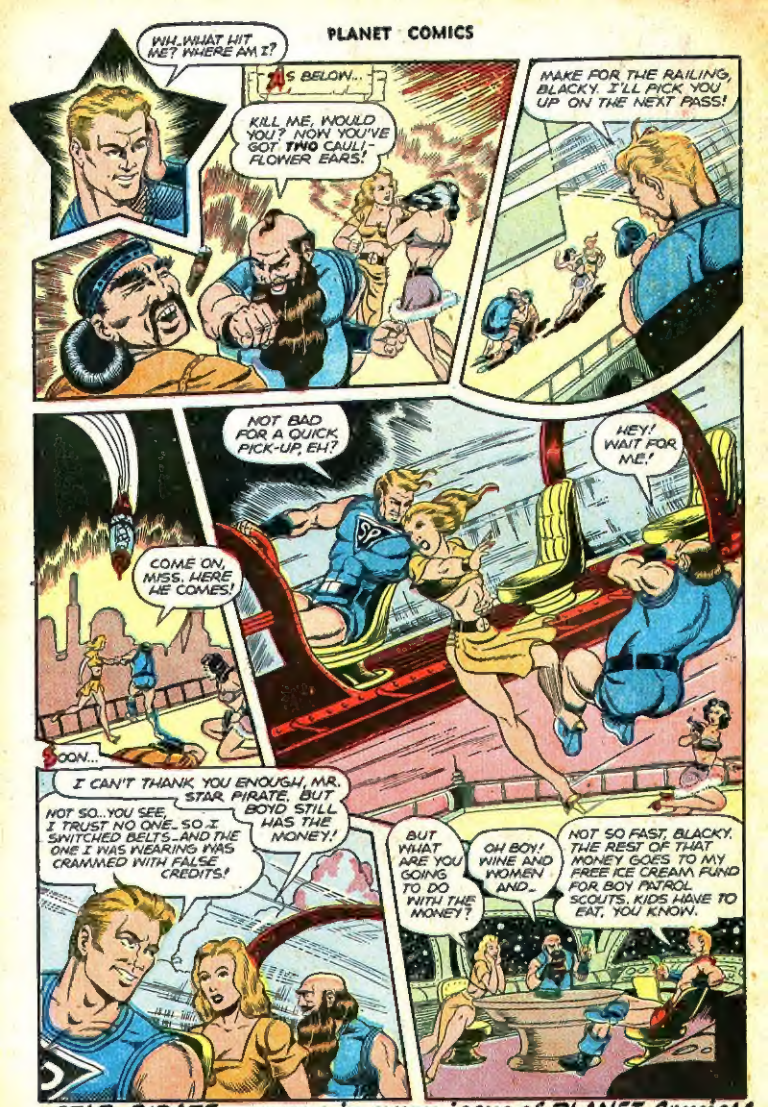

WHIP INTO THOSE TROOPER DUDS, BLACKY WE'RE DUE AT THE AIR-PORT NOW
I'M TRYIN', AIN'T I? THAT COPPER I TOOK THIS SHIRT FROM MUSTA BEEN AN OUT-SIZED MIDGET WHAT COOK'S?
MARCUS BILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER'S BEEN KIDNAPPED. A RANSOM WAS AGREED ON WE'RE TAKIN' THE PLACE OF THE TROOPERS WHO WERE GOING TO DELIVER THE MONEY.
LAST MINUTE SWITCH. MA'AM THE OTHER MEN GOT... ER TIED UP!
NEVER MIND THAT GET GOING AND BRING BACK MY DAUGHTER.
WE'RE READY, MR BILLIONAIRE DO YOU HAVE THE CREDITS AND THE COURSE FOR US?
YES, HERE IS THE MONEY BELT AND LUCRETIA WILL SHOW YOU THE ROUTE
SAY! YOU'RE NOT THE SAME TROOPERS WE INTERVIEWED
SECONDS LATER
YOU'RE TAKING THE WRONG COORDINATE YOU'RE WAY OFF COURSE!
THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER. WE HAVE TO TAKE A SLIGHT DETOUR FIRST
WAIT.. YOU'RE NOT TROOPERS! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M STAR PIRATE, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME STAR.


THIS OLD CRATE IS UNARMED WE GOTTA PICK UP OUR OWN SHIP BEFORE WE TACKLE THAT
LOOK OUT, STAR! THE DAME'S GOT A TELEMIKE!
LEGGO OF THAT TELEMIKE WHO WERE YOU CALLING AND WHY?
YOU FOOL! I CALLED THE PIRATE, BOYD HE IS MY BOSS, NOT MARCUS BILLIONAIRE!
IS CLOSE BY
THE WARNING SIGNAL FROM LUCRETIA THE DIRTY SPACE-RATS ARE TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE
COVER HER, BLACKY THIS IS ONE THING I DIDN'T FIGURE ON WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT.
NO USE, STAR PIRATE OUR SHIP WILL BE HERE IN A MOMENT
TRY TO TRICK OLD BOYD, WILL THEY? DIDN'T THEY KNOW I PLANTED LUCRETIA IN BILLIONAIRES OFFICE? I'LL TEACH 'EM!
CONTROL REPORTS: ALL TORPEX TUBES LOADED.
FIRE THE FORWARD BANK AN' BRING HER AROUND FOR ANOTHER ATTACK!
INSTANTLY


LEAVE THE CABIN INTACT I WANT THEM ALIVE
DRAG 'EM UP TO THE SPACE PORT AND BRING 'EM INSIDE.
WHERE'S THE OTHER TROOPER? I WANT BOTH OF THE DIRTY COPPERS.
THEY AREN'T COPPERS. THEY'RE CROOKS. THIS GUY IS STOOGE TO STAR PIRATE!
WELL, WHERE IS HE AND WHERE'S THE RANSOM MONEY?
STAR PIRATE'S DEADER THAN A SIZZLED SUNSPOT - AND I TOOK THE MONEY BELT OFF OF HIM!
AH. THE RADO-LOCATOR IS GLOWING. I MUST BE CLOSE TO MY INVISIBLE SHIP
SOON.
HOME SWEET HOME! GOTTA CATCH BOYD BEFORE HE DECIDES TO KILL BLACKY.
BUT
GONE LUCKY THE BLAST DIDN'T KNOCK ME OUT, TOO GOTTA GET TO MY SHIP WITH MY ROCKO-CHUTE AND FOLLOW THEM.


SOON
GETTING CLOSE BUT THE RADAR SCREEN SHOWS 'EM BLASTING FOR ASTEROID X-14. MUST BE BOYD'S HIDE-OUT
AS
IT IS! AND THAT CAVERN MUST BE THE ENTRANCE
MOMENTS LATER
CAN'T TAKE THE UGLY DOOSER IN THERE. PROBABLY GOT A DOZEN TRAPS, BUT THIS SPACE-SLED WILL BE JUST THE TICKET
DARKER THAN THE INSIDE OF A MERCURIAN MINE SHAFT. BETTER ACTIVATE THE OXO-LUCENT GENERATORS
SHADES OF VENUSBERG! THAT, THAT THING AHEAD. COULD IT BE ALIVE? IT IS. AND HEADING FOR ME!
WHOLE PASSAGEWAY BLOCKED. NO ROOM TO TURN. IF THAT NIGHTMARE LANDS ON ME, IT'LL CRACK THE QUARTSITE LIKE AN EGGSHELL!
TRY A LITTLE ATOM JUICE, UGLY UNCLE STAR IS COMING THROUGH THE SLOT
5

DEAD CENTER! BUT WAIT.. SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE CONTROLS ARE LIMP. I'M BEING DRAGGED TOWARDS THAT SUCTION TUBE!
As...
VELOCITY TOO GREAT ...CAN'T THINK...
MEANWHILE...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THESE TWO, BOYD? SELL 'EM?
NAW! THEY KNOW TOO MUCH AND WE DON'T NEED THE GAL ANY MORE! WE'LL HAVE TO KILL 'EM!
WAIT! LOOK! THE AIR INTAKE..
A DEAD GURO! AND... AND A SPACE-SLED! WHAT THE...


WH..WHAT HIT ME? WHERE AM I?
AS BELOW...
KILL ME, WOULD YOU? NOW YOU'VE GOT TWO CAULI-FLOWER EARS!
MAKE FOR THE RAILING, BLACKY. I'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE NEXT PASS!
NOT BAD FOR A QUICK PICK-UP, EH?
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
COME ON, MISS. HERE HE COMES!
SOON...
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MR. STAR PIRATE, BUT BOYD STILL HAS THE MONEY!
NOT SO...YOU SEE, I TRUST NO ONE. SO I SWITCHED BELTS--AND THE ONE I WAS WEARING WAS CRAMMED WITH FALSE CREDITS!
BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE MONEY?
OH BOY! WINE AND WOMEN AND..
NOT SO FAST, BLACKY. THE REST OF THAT MONEY GOES TO MY FREE ICE CREAM FUND FOR BOY PATROL SCOUTS. KIDS HAVE TO EAT, YOU KNOW.

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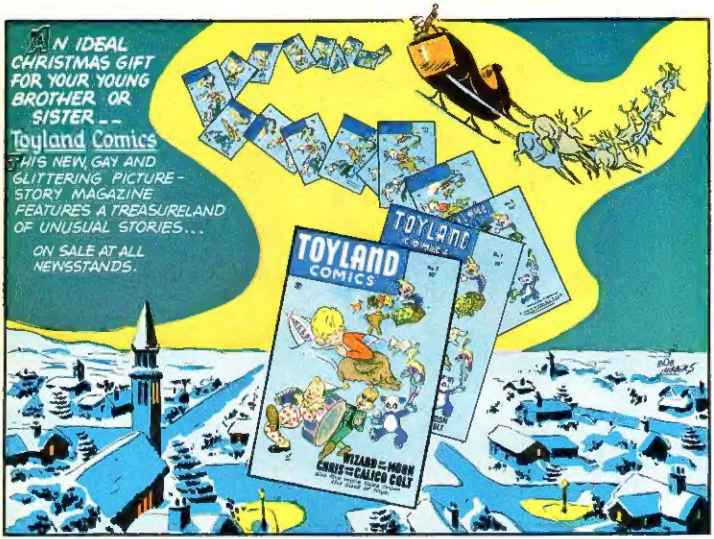

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